This book belongs to: LOKI
Mommy

Blood of my enemies

LOKI RULEZ

Bzzz

Sssss

Volume cube is...

LOUD

The volume of this cube is...

DOOM

Mount Buttsuvius

Cluck
This book is dedicated to Adrian Mole, who ran so Loki could kind of stumble around messing everything up.
MAP
OF THE WORLDS
(not to scale)

WORLD TREE

VANAHEIM
BORING GODS

MY HOUSE

ELYES

MORE ELVES

FIRE

DWARVES

HUMANS
Asgard

Jotunheim

Hel

Rainbow Bridge

Exciting Gods

Fancy Palaces

The World Serpent

Midgard

Fish

Dead People

Giants Live Here

Ice
The Characters

LOKI

VALERIE

THOR

HYRROKKIN
HEIMDALL

EAT DIRT

FIERCE BOY ONE

HEIMDALL

SSsss

DIRT

EAT

ANGRY TEACHER

FIDO

ODIN

Ratatost

ODIN
### Class Schedule

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th><strong>Monday</strong></th>
<th><strong>Tuesday</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td><strong>Math</strong></td>
<td><strong>Math</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Art</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language Arts</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td><strong>Spelling</strong></td>
<td><strong>English</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Social Studies</strong></td>
<td><strong>Geography</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td><strong>PE</strong></td>
<td><strong>Science</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Additional Breaks:**
- Lunch
- Break
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Drama</td>
<td>Spelling</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English</td>
<td>Language Arts</td>
<td>Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Computing</td>
<td>Health</td>
<td>French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Math</td>
<td>Art</td>
<td>PE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French</td>
<td>Social Studies</td>
<td>History</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LOKI RULEZ
My name is Loki, and I am a god. Or I was until last Tuesday. Now, Odin has banished me to Earth in the form of an eleven-year-old boy. This situation is bad for many different reasons.

First, there is the overall weakness of this mortal body. I’m not the strongest of the gods, but right now, my legs look like sticks, and I have the upper-body strength of a small squirrel!
Gods spring into being fully formed, so I have not, until now, ever been a child. Apparently, this is what Odin thinks I would look like as one! Rude!
Second, there are my fake parents. The guard god Heimdall (who hates me) and a terrifying giant called Hyrrokkin (feelings unknown) are here to pretend to be my father and mother while we are on Earth. I have to live with them and do what they say. I am appalled at this indignity. I’m thousands of years old! I should not have a bedtime! I should not have to do chores! I should absolutely under no circumstances be expected to fold my own undergarments!

Third, I must put up with eleven-year-old Thor, who seems to take great amusement from sitting on my head and farting. Perhaps I should take comfort in the fact that he is here and must suffer with me... but it’s hard to be comforted at the same time you’re being farted on.
While I am on Earth, I must write in this stupid book every single day for a month to prove that I’m becoming a better person and worthy of Asgard, whatever that means.

Now, you’re probably thinking, “Loki, you are the god of lies, the greatest trickster of them all . . . why don’t you just lie in the book and say you’ve been very, very good all month?”

Sadly, Odin, in his annoying wisdom, has thought of that. This is a magical diary. If I lie in here, the diary will correct it. For example, if I say . . .

I AM THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE GODS

Correction: No, you are not. Odin is. You are a puny worm whose only real powers are physical transformation and being really sneaky.

I get this kind of rude response.

So I have a choice: lie and be true to my glorious nature and be scolded by this random disembodied voice or tell the boring, unvarnished, and usually unflattering truth.
Correction: I am not just any random voice. I am a simulation of Odin himself, with all his wisdom.

If you’re so wise, what number am I thinking of?

You are not thinking of a number. You are thinking, “Odin smells.”

Ah. In this case, I may as well be honest in these pages. There’s a first time for everything.

My tragedy began with a trick involving the goddess Sif, her long, golden locks, a pair of scissors, and an ill-timed nap. I’ll spare you the details, but let’s just say that no one in Asgard can take a joke. Or a haircut.

The next thing I knew, I was clapped in chains, stripped of my divine powers, and locked in a dungeon while Odin thought of a punishment.
Fast-forward to this morning, when I was rudely shoved out of my prison, blinking in the Asgardian sunshine. Odin thrust this book into my hands and booted me out of Asgard over the rainbow bridge down to Midgard—or, as you peasants call it, Earth.

As I fell, I transformed into my current puny shape. I landed down on Earth in a muddy puddle. Seconds later, Thor landed on top of me. Even as a human boy, he is not light. Plus he was clutching his favorite hammer, which made him even heavier. I now have some very purple bruises.

I picked myself up and looked around. I was in a sad gray place full of mortals. No one was looking at me. That’s when I realized that my shape had been changed. Ordinarily, I am so beautiful to behold that all must look at me.
Correction: You are average-looking for a god, and the reason everyone stares at you in Asgard is because they’re making sure you’re not up to anything.

Have I mentioned I HATE the truth? It’s so ugly and naked, like one of those mole rats that look like pink slug babies that have been chewing rocks.

When Heimdall and Hyrrokkin arrived, they looked more or less like themselves, except Hyrrokkin was half her usual height and Heimdall lacked his godlike glow.

Both were dressed in dowdy human clothing. Rather than animal pelts and many gold necklaces and bangles, Hyrrokkin’s human attire made her look like she was about to attend a meeting for the Society of the Tedium and Humdrum. She was also on foot. Usually, she rides a wolf with snakes for reins.

Heimdall’s bright armor and mighty weapons had been replaced by loungewear and slippers. They led me away to a hovel, where we were to live as a fake mortal family.
Correction: It is actually quite a nice house by human standards, with fast broadband and excellent water pressure. All the above drawings are highly inaccurate if not technically lies.
Anyway, let us return to my horrifying new reality.
In one of the small, sad rooms of our new dwelling, Heimdall and Hyrrokkin sat me down and gave me my orders.

Blah blah snakes.
Blah blah eternity.
Wait. SNAKES?
Did I say you could speak? Wanna talk to my wolf?
Correction: Hyrrokkin did not use her wolf to threaten you.

The threat was implied. This whole thing is ridiculous. Heimdall and Hyrrokkin can’t be trusted to report back to Odin on how much I’ve improved. They hate me.

Correction: Heimdall hates you, Hyrrokkin’s on the fence. And they won’t be reporting to Odin. That is for me, the diary, to measure.

How about instead of rudely interrupting, you give me a pithy summary?

Very well.
• You, Loki, must show moral improvement as measured in virtue points. Your starting score is –3000. Your goal is +3000.

• The score will be measured by a book (me) containing all the wisdom of Odin himself, including important information about the 21st century.

• Hyrrokkin and Heimdall will supervise in the guise of parents.

• Thor, pretending to be your brother, will accompany you to places in the mortal realm where parents do not venture, such as school.

• You must not show your true godly powers to any human. Should you do so, you will be condemned to immediate and permanent punishment.

• Should humanity come to catastrophe during your time in Midgard, you will skip to immediate punishment.
Wait. I’m to blame for anything apocalyptically bad that happens when I’m on Earth? Even a meteorite strike? Or nuclear war? Or a plague of locusts?

! Correct.

UTTERLY UNFAIR!

In case of an emergency, you merely need to utter the words HEY, ODIN and the Allfather shall respond.

I am too awesome to be treated like this! I am Loki, the cleverest, wittiest trickster! I refuse to spend a whole month doing only tedious, virtuous things. I shall no longer write in this diary! You’re not the boss of me!

HEY, ODIN! DO YOU HEAR ME? I’m not playing your game! I refuse! Come and get me!
Moments later

Let there be light.

Sssss

Voilà!

Guess where we are?

Disneyland? A charming little bistro in Paris?

Your home, for all eternity.
It turns out Odin IS the boss of me and I will have to carry on recording my deeds in this diary, or else. Although it pains me to continue writing, here’s what happened next . . .

“You refused your quest,” said Odin. “This is the consequence. Meet Fangy, your new worst enemy.”

“Let’s not do anything hasty,” I said, backing away from the snake’s dripping venom. “We should talk about this like adults. Or like one adult and another adult in the body of a child.”

Odin made a dismissive gesture, as though shooing away a naughty dog. “You’re clearly too lazy to be good for even one month, so welcome to the rest of forever. A chamber where the air is thick with the smell of rotting fish and urine, with your least favorite song piped into your ears. Sif promises to come and cut your hair on a regular basis, leaving all those super-annoying hairs you can never get rid of down your neck. And Thor will—“
“Please, oh Allfather, no,” I begged. “I’ll do anything. Please don’t make me stay here.” I shuddered. I didn’t need to hear what further torture Thor’s presence would entail.

Then there was the snake, weaving back and forth above me, dripping its sizzling poison.

Odin sniffed. “I don’t believe you can do it. You’re weak.”

This stung. “I am NOT! I am Loki! I am a god! I can do ANYTHING!”

Odin looked at me for a long while in silence.

I held my breath—and not just because of the terrible smell.

“Your challenge stands. One month to prove you are worthy of Asgard. No more, no less. And if you fail . . .” He shook his head and gestured to the hissing serpent. I think it winked at me.

Then, without another word, I was back here in my ugly little chamber, lying on the uncomfortable bed, the tears drying on my face.
So it seems that Odin will read this diary at the end of the month and decide my fate. Will I return home, or will I be condemned to eternal torture?

DUN-DUN-
DUNNNNNNN!
*dramatic music*

This is going to be a looooooooong month.

![Calendar](calendar.png)

ONE DOWN,
1,000,000,000
TO GO
(FEELS LIKE)
Day Two
Thursday

LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

-3050

Fifty points deducted for giving up before even starting

What? How dare you!

I slept badly in the lumpy human bed. Where are my pillows of dove feathers and my down comforter knit together with soft fluffy clouds? Say what you like about Asgard (and I often do), but its soft furnishings are second to none.

The day got no better. Instead of my usual breakfast of honey and ambrosia and roast meats, I was forced to sit at a tiny table, elbow to elbow with Thor, and offered a sad box emblazoned with the words WHEETY TREETS.
I came to understand that this was not a matter of bad spelling, but an attempt to be amusing.

Reader, the contents of the box were not treats, misspelled or otherwise. It was like eating grit coated in sugar. For some reason I cannot comprehend, they were drowned in milk until they went soggy, giving them the consistency of furry snot. Apparently, many humans eat this every day? Not as part of a divine punishment, even.

It seems I have a lot to learn before I understand mortals.
To be fair, I have a lot to learn before I’ll understand Thor. It baffles me that he’s the one the gods admire. I once caught him cutting his toenails at the feasting table. I say “caught him” but actually, he cried out:

Behold my mighty toenails! See how they sail across the feasting hall!

So I didn’t have to do a great deal of detective work.

After our pathetic breakfast, Hyrrokkin walked us to the terrible place humans call school. Picture a prison full of cruel guards where the hallways smell of cleaning chemicals and despair, and you’re about halfway to truly understanding the nature of mortal school.

We weren’t allowed to travel by wolf because a) I’m not allowed to ride the wolf after last time and b) humans would run away in fear and that would lose me points.
Besides, Hyrrokkin has disguised her wolf as a dog. What self-respecting god would ride a DOG? But we did take it with us on our walk to school. Hyrrokkin said it would help us make friends. This seemed an absurd statement, but indeed, when we reached the school gates, a number of children clustered around us to stroke the dog.

Humans are so weird about dogs. They don’t seem to realize that dogs are like wolves, but pathetic.

**WOLF:**
1. Tears out throats
2. Howls at the moon in the dead of night
3. Looks cruel and awesome

**DOG:**
1. Never rips out throats
2. Sucks up to humans
3. Whines and makes annoying yappy sounds
4. Poos on the floor. Even THOR doesn’t do that. Well, maybe once.
Giants are known for many things—fighting, magic and trickery, building very big walls, shape-shifting—but imagination is definitely not one of their top qualities.

Once Hyrrokkin had turned around and walked the dog away, we joined a flood of mortal children flowing in through the school gates, all yelling and screaming and laughing.

We followed the throng into an empty outside area within the school walls—a sort of courtyard or, perhaps, a pen to contain these feral beings. They all yelled and fought and tussled like animals. Thor would no doubt fit right in here.

As we walked through this holding pen, which I later discovered was called the playground, many children stopped to look at us. Or rather, at Thor.
It pains me to say that all heads turned to look at him. Girls giggled as he passed. Boys stood up a little straighter. (Some giggled, too.) Only one figure didn’t give him a glowing look of approval: a tall, stocky girl with blond braids and a grim expression. She glared at both of us as we passed. I don’t know if we’d done something to offend her or if that was just her face.

It was a familiar look for me. The same look that had been on the goddess Sif’s face after she discovered I’d cut off her hair. In fact, it was the look every god gave me at least once a month, usually after I’d done something witty and amusing. I don’t know why this girl was giving me that look. I hadn’t done anything to her, other than walk past being generally magnificent. Unless she was jealous of my magnificence? It was probably that.
Correction: It was not that.

We were greeted at the entrance to the school building by a woman wearing a loop of string around her neck upon which hung a terrible picture of that same woman. (Pointless.) The picture had her name beneath it. (Tedious.) She was, I discovered, what mortals call a teacher: an adult human who imprisons children during the day and yells facts at them. Like true villains, they set the children free each night to taste the joy of the outside world in order to make their recapture each morning a fresh torture.

“You must be Liam? And Thomas?” said the torturer. Odin had clearly given us fake names to better blend in among the mortals.

Yes, we are brothers. I’m the clever, handsome one.

Thor let out a growl, helpfully proving my point about my superior intellect.
“Er . . . OK. I’m Mrs. Williams,” said the teacher.

“Let me introduce you to the class.”

Our “class” turned out to be a group of children all trapped together in a room, looking full of misery and woe.

Together with these other poor souls, we were given a series of challenges. Usually, the sort of trials that gods must undergo involve armed combat, or finding a magical object, or completing an impossible feat.

When you are a mortal child, these challenges mostly involve pens and paper.

For example, the first of our morning challenges involved writing simple words in a list to ensure we had used the correct runes—or letters, as the mortals call them these days.

Despite having machines called computers to help them write, mortals still appear to value words scratched out with simple implements. If I didn’t scorn them all so much as worms beneath my notice, I’d find it rather charming and quaint.

I made some mistakes on purpose so no one would suspect I had the wit and wisdom of a god.
Thor made many mistakes because he has the wit and wisdom of a juvenile slug. Then we were given a break, because apparently puny mortal brains cannot absorb much knowledge at once.

After more tedious lessons it was time for lunch, which was inedible. No roast ox. No mead. Only soggy potatoes in grease and a green matter that I could not identify.

In one of the afternoon classes, we had to draw something called a family tree, which shows all your relations, from parents and children to brothers and sisters. Here is the example the teacher showed us.

It wasn’t QUITE so straightforward for me, as I’m not entirely sure who my parents are, beyond the fact that my dad was probably a giant and my mom was *maybe* a giant or a goddess, or possibly a bit of both.

Having unknown parents makes me much cooler, I think. Still, it might be nice to get the odd birthday card—or, in fact, know my actual birthday.

Here’s what I drew:
Almost certainly witty

MOM

She can probably juggle, too!

DAD

Yours truly!

THOR
(No relation)

ME

Probably very handsome and clever

MY FAMILY
JORMUNGAHAND

SLEIPNIR

FENRIR

HEL

A giant snake

Eight-legged horse

Giant wolf

Half woman, half corpse

Ruler of Hel, aka the underworld

SOME OTHER LESS INTERESTING CHILDREN . . .
Instead of getting a standing ovation for my wonderful drawing skills and interesting, mysterious life, the teacher was furious.

What is this? You’re supposed to be drawing your family tree.

I did!

It has a giant snake.

That’s my son!

RIGHT. Go and stand in the corner!
The thing is, that snake IS my son! This book would say if that was a lie... and look... No lie!

(It’s a long story, involving the strongest chain in the world, a wolf, and a severed hand. I’ll tell you sometime.) When I was allowed to return to my seat, Thor hissed at me.

Why did you draw your real family? We’re not supposed to reveal our identities!

“No, we’re not supposed to reveal our POWERS,” I said. “That’s what it says in the book.”

“You know what Odin meant!” growled Thor. “You must keep the secrets of the gods!”

“It’s not my fault if the instructions weren’t clear.”

“It’s always your fault,” growled Thor.

I hate Thor. I’ll say one thing for the mortal realm: it opens up whole new avenues for disgusting tricks.
Huh. Well, that’s not nice. I feel that this points system is deeply unfair. I would like to lodge a formal complaint.

Complaint noted. And ignored. The system was created by the Allfather, who knows all. You are a pain. Get on with your quest and stop whining.

**Humph.**

I had to walk the dog anyway, so I headed off with Thor, my pocket full of feces bags. Mortal life is truly a long string of humiliations.
Heimdall, meanwhile, went off to something called a job. I didn’t know what that was, but an explanation appeared in the book.

**Job:** something human adults do. It means doing something you don’t want to do, for people you despise, in exchange for gold. (See also: CAPITALISM)

Although Odin has supplied us with much gold to keep us clothed and fed while on Earth, Heimdall and Hyrrokkin agreed doing mortal jobs made it easier to fit in with the other humans and not attract too much attention.

Personally, I don’t see why Odin couldn’t have made us fantastically rich so no one would be surprised that Heimdall didn’t work. Then we could have gone to expensive schools where they serve swan for every meal, instead of the slop I’m forced to eat. I’ve been reading up on private schools. I think I would enjoy attending one because there would be so many people worth making fun of.
Private School: a place where the children of the rich learn how to talk over each other and are told on a daily basis that they are born to rule the world. They inevitably grow up to be politicians and bosses and do indeed run the world, very badly.

But no, Odin only gave us enough gold to be comfortable, not enough to rule the world. Bah.

Heimdall is working as a security guard. This is a lot like what he did in Asgard, where he guarded the rainbow bridge to prevent attacking giants from coming in, only a security guard is not allowed to carry a huge ax and lop off the heads of anyone who tries to come into the building without permission. That would be actively frowned upon, in fact. Instead, Heimdall must ask to see a small square of plastic with their face on it, then allow them inside. Humans appear to enjoy collecting and displaying these squares. And no wonder, for they wield great power.
Hyrrokkin is going to work as a dog walker—that means humans who have pet dogs pay her to walk their dogs. This feels very unfair. I’m walking our dog for free!

On the walk with Fido, Thor was twitchy. He kept looking from side to side.

“What’s eating you?” I asked.

“We are in mortal bodies, not allowed to use our powers . . . so I am preparing for a Frost Giant attack. It is inevitable they will come for us when we are at our weakest.” He balled his hands into fists.

I sighed deeply. Frost Giants are Thor’s obsession. Well, giants in general, but particularly the icy variety. He doesn’t mind Hyrrokkin, even though she is a giant, as she is a friend of the gods who has proven her loyalty time and again. Which, now that I think about it, makes me like her considerably less.

Of course, when we gods talk about giants, we don’t mean people big enough to uproot trees or buildings. Giants often aren’t even that big. That might be a lot for your tiny mortal mind to grasp, but
it’s true. Hyrrokkin, for example, in her proper form is larger than most gods, but she still doesn’t need to duck to walk through the palace doors in Asgard.

Plus, giants are shape-shifters, so they don’t even look humanoid half the time. Hyrrokkin is very fond of turning into a swan and going for a paddle.

I should know about the shape-shifting. I’m (at least) part giant, so I can shape-shift brilliantly. Although, sadly, I’m not as strong as a giant.
No one officially knows exactly how the gods-versus-giants feud started, except for Odin. I believe it had something to do with him slaying the very first giant and using its body to create the Earth. Not that Odin would ever admit that.

So we all go along with the idea that it’s a great mystery why the giants hate us so much.

Personally, I like the giants-versus-gods thing. Bitter feuds keep eternity interesting!